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CONTENTS.

MAGAZINE.		MAGAZINE.	PAGE
How They Saved the Wrecked on the Rhineland.....	257	They Do Remember.....	281
Outriding a Cyclone at Sea.....	265	The U. S. School-ships—Training American Sailors for our Navy.....	281
The Seaports of the Bible.....	267	Lieutenant T. B. Mason.....	282
The Jeannette Polar Expedition.....	272	Whence Sailors Come.....	282
My Mariner.....	275	The "Fastest Run".....	282
The Sea an Emblem of Christ's Love	275	To Bathers.....	283
The Sailor's Text.....	276	No Need of Them.....	283
Work Among Seamen.....	276	Position of the Planets for Sept., 1 79.....	283
France, Havre.....	276	Marine Disasters in July, 1879.....	284
Italy, Naples	276	Receipts for July, 1879.....	284
New York City.....	277	LIFE BOAT.	
Norfolk, Va	277	Pirates of the Chinese Coast	285
Pensacola, Fla.....	278	Who Was the Bad Boy?.....	286
Cleaveland, Ohio.....	278	Loan Library Reports.....	287
Portland, Oregon	279	Little Foxes	287
Grateful Testimony and Aid.....	279	To "My Sweet Lord.".....	288
Glad to Help Him Home	280	Will He Succeed?.....	288
It Was Appreciated.....	280	"Can't" and "Try.".....	288
Their Continuing Life.....	280		

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress, and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commanding it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.*

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SAILOR'S THE MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 51.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

No. 9.

HOW THEY SAVED THE WRECKED ON THE RHINELAND.

The awful force of a raging sea, and the successive experiences occurring on a stranded and shipwrecked vessel,—with the almost miraculous deliverances often brought to those on board, who have not been washed away to death, by the wonderful boats of the English Life Boat Service,—have seldom been so vividly set forth as in the following extracts from “Under One Roof,”*—a recent volume by Mr. James Payn, which we take from the August number of the *London Life Boat*.

“There is a terrible storm at sea, I am sure, Walcot. Hush—is that thunder?”

“No, it is a minute gun.” As he spoke the door opened, and in ran a fair-faced blue-eyed lad of about nine years old.

“Oh, papa! oh, Mr. Walcot! There is a shipwreck off the point!”

The flushed face and glowing eyes of the speaker betrayed intense excitement.

“If there is shipwreck there is danger to some poor souls, Frank,” said Sir Robert, reprovingly. “You should be sorry rather than pleased at such a catastrophe.”

“Oh, but indeed, papa, I am sorry, only,—”

“Only we young people are a little thoughtless, eh,” put in Mr. Walcot. “We are apt only to think of ourselves, even though what is fun to us (as in the case of the fable of the frogs) may be death to others.”

“Don’t let us say ‘Death,’ ” said Sir Robert, gently. “And if it be so, how can the young picture it to themselves? We are not angry with *you*, my boy. If there was any one on board that unhappy ship in whom you had any interest or connection you would feel

* *Under One Roof*, by JAMES PAYN, author of ‘Lost Sir Massingberd,’ ‘By Proxy,’ etc. Published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London, 1879.

sorry enough, I know—— You smile, Ferdinand. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing; I was only smiling at human nature. As it happens, there *is* in all human probability on board this very ship some one connected with our young friend; but then it is not likely to be a pleasant connection. Lady Arden expects the new governess from Bristol to-morrow. She should arrive there from the Continent by sea to-night."

"Good heavens! I had forgotten that; but so, of course, had Frank; else his conduct would have been heartless indeed."

Again Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders, and smiled his pitying smile.

"You expect too much of poor humanity," he said; "you have been taught to look for too much."

"That is true, indeed," said Sir Robert, with a deep sigh. "There was no one like my Madeline for thinking of others, nor ever will be." He sat down in his chair again, as though quite forgetful of his intention to go out, and covered his face in his hands. The thud of another storm-gun broke the silence, and once more roused him to a sense of the occasion. "Come," said he, "let us do what we can; it is well to remember the dead, but we must not forget the living."

When the two men entered the hall for their coats and wraps, they found all the rest of the family about to start on the same exciting errand—that is, all the able-bodied ones, which did not include "Baba" Nicoll (aged three and a half), nor Lady Arden herself, who never trusted herself to the tender mercies of the night air (in the country), and objected to all excitements (such as shipwrecks) which were not of a strictly fashionable kind.

* * * * *

The moon was at the full, but was only visible by fits, when the hurrying masses of grey clouds left her pale face clear at intervals of unequal duration. A great master of word-painting has described the wind as coming into "a rocking town and stabbing all things up and down;" but to no town-dweller can be conveyed an adequate conception of the force and fury of that element as it rages on such a coast as that which lies around Halcombe Point. The very land seemed to shudder as it swept across it; the sea grew livid under its ceaseless scouring. As far as the eye could reach, from the hill above the Point, was a world of wild white waters, the foam of which was dashed upwards in sheets fathoms high, and was carried inland in sharp sleet.

On this white surface there was but one object, from which ever and anon there flashed a jet of flame, succeeded by a dull thud—a hoarse cry for help that it lay not in human power to give; it looked, and was, but a black, inert mass, a broken plaything, of which the storm had not yet tired; but it had been an hour ago a gallant steamship, prompt to obey its master,—man. The wind was now the only power it acknowledged, and it was being driven before it at headlong speed towards the Point. The little party, huddled together for foothold, gazed on this spectacle with awestruck eyes.

"Poor souls, poor souls," cried Sir Robert. "Good God, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," answered Walcot, gravely. "She will go to pieces when she touches the rocks."

"Thank Heaven, here is Mr. Dyneley, with some men," ejaculated Evy, looking back.

"Mr. Dyneley is a clergyman,

Miss Evelyn," answered Walcot, with the least touch of scorn, "but he cannot work miracles."

"He has, however, brought the mortar apparatus," observed Milly, naively.

And, indeed, as the tall, brown-bearded curate drew nigh, they could see that he was followed by half-a-dozen stalwart men, who dragged behind them the implement in question.

"A sad sight, Sir Robert," bawled the curate (for indeed every one spoke at the full stretch of their lungs); "but if the ladies can bear to look at it, you had better bring them down to the mill."

This was the saw-mill, of which we have already spoken, built upon the very edge of the harbor, and the only place for miles upon the coast in which on such a night shelter could be found.

"You are always right, Dyneley," said Sir Robert, approvingly; "do you take charge of one of the girls."

With a diffident, hesitating air, that contrasted rather comically with his stature and proportions, the young curate was about to offer his arm to Evy, but Mr. Walcot, who stood beside her, was quicker in his movements, and took possession of that young lady, leaving her sister to fall to the other's share.

Thus they moved down the hill together to the mill, from the windows of which could be obtained almost as good a view of the driving ship as from the hill itself, but, nevertheless, such was the excitement of the little party, that they preferred to stand outside, sheltered only in a very moderate degree by the low stone wall of the quay.

The vessel, we have said, was approaching the point very rapid-

ly, but not in a direct line; it was possible that she might just skirt it, and go ashore a few score yards beyond. In this case her destruction would not be so immediate, but, on the other hand, the life-lines could hardly be shot over her from the apparatus. The curate and his men, however, had everything in readiness; you would have said, to judge by their resolute and earnest faces as they stood beside the mortar, that they were about to defend their native soil against the attack of a foe. Mr. Walcot, too, faced the cruel blast with stern eyes and knitted brow, except when he dropped a word of exhortation to be of good courage to Evy; but Sir Robert and the young people wore looks of fear and pity, and more than one of them already repented that they had come out with a light heart to behold so sad a scene.

"Do you know the ship?" asked the curate of the man beside him. He himself had been on the coast for years, but to his landsman's eyes the shattered mass before him was but a black and shapeless hulk.

"It is the *Rhineland*," answered the other, confidently; "the steamer that plies between Rotterdam and Bristol."

"You may say 'that used to ply,'" put in another—it was John Jenkins, parish clerk, who plumed himself on employing terms of accuracy, "for she will never make another voyage."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Walcot?" exclaimed Evelyn, in terrified accents; it is the *Rhineland*; that is the boat that poor Miss Hurt is to come by."

"Was to come by," murmured Mr. Jenkins, fortunately beneath his ordinary ecclesiastical tones, so that the amendment was inaudible.

The huge hull came flying on, like some mighty sea-bird on a broken wing, for whose discordant screams the shrieking of the wind might easily have been taken; her mainmast and rigging could now be clearly seen standing out against the moonlight; without a rag of sail or puff of steam, her ghastly and spectral form was hurrying on, when her headlong course was suddenly arrested; the crash of rending timber was mingled for an instant with the roaring of the storm, and a white shroud of foam enveloped her and hid her from sight.

"God of Heaven, she has foundered!" exclaimed Sir Robert. The two girls uttered a scream of anguish.

"Nay, I still see her," cried the curate, eagerly.

"She is on the Lancet, sir," said a coastguardsman. "The wind must have shifted a point to have took her there."

The Lancet was a long sharp line of rocks, about two hundred yards from shore, but quite disconnected with it; the waves always covered it, but at low tide—which was now the case—only a few inches.

The hull looked considerably higher now than she had been in the water, the wind and waves having probably carried her bodily on to the ledge; nevertheless, in her stationary position, the sea, climbing and raging about her at its will, seemed to devour her more completely even than before.

"Is the position altered for the better by this, Marley?" inquired the curate, anxiously.

"She may hold together now for a few hours," answered the coastguardsman, "but she will go to pieces at the flow." He was an old sailor, and his mind was fixed on the fate of the ship rather than on those it carried.

"I mean as respects the poor souls on board, man," continued the curate, with some asperity.

"In my opinion nothing can save them, sir. If the men at Archester have already put out the life-boat, it is possible they may be here in time; but not otherwise."

"But is it not probable they have done so?"

"No, sir; they must have known from her position (judging from the sound of the guns) that the ship would be ashore hours before they could reach her; and of course they did not take into account the chance of her grounding on the Lancet."

"A swift horse, even with this wind across him, would reach Archester in an hour," soliloquised the curate. "I am a heavy weight; but then I know how to ride, which these men don't. Might I take your bay mare, Sir Robert?"

"Of course, my dear fellow; and don't spare her. Ten pounds apiece from me, mind, to every man who mans the life-boat, but don't volunteer yourself, Dyneley; Halcombe can't spare you."

The compliment was lost on him for whom it was intended, for the curate was already on the slope of the hill.

* * * *

"I think I see figures upon the rigging," observed Sir Robert, anxiously. "Is it not so, Marley?"

"Yes, sir; the sea has found its way into the hull, and some poor souls have taken to the shrouds."

"To the shrouds?" murmured little Frank, trembling with awe. He knew that shrouds and death were somehow associated.

"Yes, my boy," said Sir Robert, kindly. "They will thus, for the time, be out of the reach of the waves, and let us trust that they will be able to hold on there till help arrives.

Mr. Marley shook his head with a grunt. It was his manner of expressing disagreement with the baronet's opinion. They might hold on indeed up in the cross-reefs and elsewhere for an indefinite time, but it was not possible, he meant to imply, that the ship could hold together.

The storm had abated nothing of its ferocity, yet none of the party at the point thought of going home. It seemed to all of them, though they could do nothing in the way of help, that it was a forsaking of these poor drowning creatures to quit their post. But the Hall folks did leave the quay and withdraw into the mill, from the windows of which they continued to watch the doomed vessel.

* * * * *

When the good ship *Rhineland* started from Rotterdam for Bristol, on what turned out to be her last voyage, the weather was what seamen term "dirty," but it was not for those who had paid the very moderate passage-money demanded of them to inquire whether that phrase did not, in this particular case at least, mean "dangerous." They could not be expected to understand that when a large consignment of cattle are eating their heads off at a shipowner's expense, a vessel puts to sea in weaker, that under other circumstances, would keep her in port, or even that the presence of cattle on the deck of a steamer does not tend to increase its seaworthiness. Except those unhappy persons who never go to sea at all without a presentiment that they shall be drowned, and behold in every wave the instrument of their destruction, the passengers by the *Rhineland* were without misgivings. Those subject to sea-sickness at once fled to

their berths to hide their agonies from the public gaze, and the others repaired to the saloon—the sofas of which rocked like cradles—or secured themselves in such shelter as they could find upon the deck, to snatch a fearful joy from the contemplation of the work of a southwester.

Among these latter were two persons, with one of whom, Elise Hurt, we are acquainted by name. She is a girl of eighteen years of age or so, of graceful figure, and a face, which, if not beautiful, according to our English notions, is, at least, eminently pleasing. The young Englishman by her side upon the deck was Mr. Gresham. ** He was no sailor, and he was by no means easily impressed with the sense of personal danger; but as the gale increased he could not avoid the suspicion that the *Rhineland* was incompetent to fight against it, though whether this arose from her build, or the weakness of her engines, or the unfitness of her crew, he was no judge. He only knew for certain that she sank lower in the trough of the sea, remained longer than she had at first in those briny depths of the color and opaqueness of bottle glass, and rose to the surface no longer buoyantly, but as it were with a dead lift. His view of matters was essentially that of a landsman, of course, yet it was clear that things were not as they should be. For example, notwithstanding his thick Ulster and the railway rug, he had now scarcely a dry thread on his body, for wave after wave washed the deck, so that it seemed at times to be under water. Seated at the foot of a mast in almost the centre of the vessel, he was in as level a spot as could be attained, yet his feet were as often as not, higher than his

head, and only by gripping a taut rope could he save himself at every lurch from being swept with the outgoing waters against the bulwarks.

There had been one or two male passengers who, like himself, had preferred the rough usage of the storm to the sights and sounds and smells that were only too certain to be met with below stairs; but even these had sooner or later sought the shelter of the cabin, save one individual, with bright grey eyes and keen, weather-beaten face, who now ensconced himself close to Gresham. "When there is war among the elements," he observed, with a strong American accent, "man and beast, fore-cabin and saloon passengers, all herd together in presence of the common danger."

The idea of this individual from the second cabin thinking it necessary to apologise for his intrusion on a privileged locality during what, not only to Mr. Gresham's eyes, but in actual fact, had become little less than a hurricane, tickled that gentleman's sense of humor.

"You have been in a good many gales like this, no doubt?" said he, good-naturedly, and also, perhaps, with a secret hope that his companion might reply in the affirmative.

"I have been in a good many gales, yes, sir, but not in one like this," answered the other slowly. "This is a most all-fired and catawampus tornado."

"Do you think the ship will live through it?" inquired Gresham, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume.

"I have not given my consideration, sir, to that contingency," was the reply, delivered with a most philosophic air; "I don't care two cents about the ship, which, moreover, is doubtless insured be-

yond her value; but if you ask my opinion as to whether you and I will live through this tornado—well, I give it to you plump, I don't think we shall. If I was on dry land, and yet in possession of the facts concerning our position, I would lay ten dollars to one against any person on board this ship getting to land alive."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated Gresham, half mechanically, half from the serious shock of this communication.

"Yes, that's just what it's come to," answered the other; the coolness, not to say the cynicism, of whose tone was greatly intensified by a certain prominence in his left cheek, which looked as though he were putting his tongue in it, but was really attributable to a plug of tobacco. "A man—if he's to be called a man—knows how to take the last hard slap of Fate; the one with which she knocks you down for good and all. But the women, they mostly take to hysterics. There will be sad scenes down there, I reckon," and he pointed to the cabin. "It's time for them as has prayer-books to sport'em."

"You are a seafaring man, of course, and I am a landsman," answered Gresham, gravely, "else I had hoped that my ignorance of the extent of our danger had magnified it. Why is it you take such a gloomy view of our position?"

"Well, the Rhineland is not A1, and few vessels, even, that are such, could bear such a buffeting as this for many hours; the engines don't work, in my opinion, as they should do; we're lower in the water than we should be, and I guess there's water on board below stairs. Moreover—but look yonder, and judge for yourself. Our captain would not heave that ballast overboard unless he were in great straits."

Gresham's eye followed the direc-

tion of his companion's finger, and perceived that one side of the cattle-pen had been removed, and a corresponding portion of the ship's bulwarks swung back upon its hinge, so that with every roll of the ship to leeward many sheep and oxen fell into the sea. It was a simple way of unloading, which the position of the ship, now on one side, now on the other, alone could have rendered possible.

"There will be less meat for the English markets," observed Gresham, resolved not to be outdone in coolness by the representative of cousin Jonathan.

"There will be also less mouths to eat it," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Is it not possible to put back?" inquired Gresham.

"No. To steer one point out of the wind's eye would be to write *Finis.*"

"If the gale doesn't abate, in short, we are dead men?"

"Nay, things are not quite so bad; if we can hold our course till we are round the Land's End, we shall have the wind behind us. Then we shall run, as if the devil were kicking us; and if we are not pooped, may find ourselves in Bristol, instead of Heaven."

Though the stranger spoke as if quite indifferent to the alternative, Gresham noticed that his eye watched narrowly every event—or mischance, for the words were now identical—that took place on board: the breaking loose of various articles that had been hitherto secured to the deck; the occasional crashing of the bulwarks; the lessening load of live stock; the behavior of the two men at the wheel, and the gestures of the captain, who, despite wind and wave, stuck like a limpet to his post upon the bridge between the paddle-boxes. He understood from

what his companion said that if the ship were once in the Bristol Channel there would be a better chance for her, notwithstanding that she would be exposed to dangers of another nature.

Matters had thus endured for many hours, when the calls of hunger necessitated Gresham's descent to the saloon.

"If you are going to the larder," said the Transatlantic friend, "put both meat and drink in your pocket as I do"—and he produced a flask and a loaf,—"for you may need it."

"You mean if we have to take to the boats? But one of the sailors told me that nothing but a life-boat could float in such a sea as this."

"Never mind what the sailor told you. Do what I tell you. Depend upon it, Providence always takes the most care of those who never throw away a chance."

There seemed good sense, if not much faith, in this advice; and Gresham procured certain supplies from the ship's steward accordingly. That functionary was very pale and silent, and took the money without a trace of his usual promptness on such occasions. Although no sailor, he had been too many voyages in the *Rhineland* not to know that there was something greatly amiss with this one.

The passengers in the saloon, too, were silent, uttering only a moan or a groan as the shock of a wave threw them from their moorings on the sofas. Some of them had a frightened look in their eyes, like that of a hunted creature who knows not whither to fly; but most had a stern, grave air. One or two sat hand-in-hand with their wives, who were weeping silently, but there were very few women present. Gresham glanced into the

ladies' cabin as he passed by its open door, and saw Elise Hurt sitting at the corner of the sofa that ran round the room. Her calm, quiet face presented a strange contrast to the sorrowful and despairing look of her companions.

She rose, and holding by the little pillars of the cabin, made her way towards him. "Are matters really so bad, Mr. Gresham," inquired she, quietly, "as they are thought to be down here?"

"They are very bad," he said. "Would you prefer to come on deck?"

"If I shall not be in the way, I should," answered she, simply.

The relations between them, it was understood by both, had altered with external circumstances. In the presence of such sudden destruction as threatened them, all prudery disappeared; face to face with death it was, moreover, impossible that love should again become the topic of conversation.

"Put on every shawl and wrap that you possess," he said, gravely; and she obeyed him.

At the foot of the cabin stairs a lurch more violent than usual shook the vessel, and Elise would have fallen had not the young man clasped her in his arms.

As the vessel lurched, a murmur of apprehension arose from the inmates of the saloon. "What has happened, Mr. Gresham?" she exclaimed.

"I think the ship has changed her course; we are running before the wind."

They got on deck and reached their old place of shelter with less difficulty than Gresham had met with on leaving it, for what he suspected had, in fact, happened.

The vessel was now steaming—or rather scudding, for the paddles were of little use—with the gale behind her. The pitching and the rolling of the ship had somewhat mitigated, and her stern was now receiving the giant blows that had heretofore fallen on her bows. Neither cattle nor sheep now remained on board, and all things that had not been secured to the deck, or formed part of it, had been swept away. The Yankee had gone below and besides the two men lashed to the wheel, the captain on the bridge, and the sailors at the pumps, which were kept constantly doing, the two young people were the only persons who now braved the storm.

Not, however, that the condition of those in the saloon or cabins was much better; for every seam, through the straining of the ship, had begun to leak, and the berths were half full of water.

"Sit here, Elise," said Gresham, without the least consciousness of having addressed her by her Christian name, "and do not turn your head or look behind you."

Being a woman—or perhaps it would be fairer to say, being human—Miss Hurt immediately looked behind her, to behold a sublime spectacle! The sea seamed to be pursuing the ship with open mouth, with the literal intention of swallowing her! Huge mountains of dark green water, fringed with flying foam, were rushing at headlong speed after their trembling prey. It was a chase wherein the odds against the hunted thing were as a thousand to one, for strength was failing it. The *Rhineland* flew with amazing speed, but no longer of her own volition.

[The remainder of these extracts, completing Mr. Payn's realistic picture of "perils at sea" which are not uncommon, will be published in our next (October) number.]

OUTRIDING A CYCLONE AT SEA.

BY REV. C. L. GOODELL, D. D., ST. LOUIS.

Returning from Europe in September, 1875, our steamship was struck in mid ocean at daybreak by a cyclone. The sea had been vexed by autumn gales, and the waves contrary for some days. But this black angel spread his wings on the water without warning. A cyclone moves with the stealth and spring of a panther. The shock was sudden, tremendous, awful. The blast of the tempest, riding the gulf stream all the way from the heated tropics, was like the breath of a fiery furnace. It was the same cyclone which damaged Galveston, and tearing through the Gulf of Mexico, swept up the Atlantic coast and out upon the ocean, spreading wreck and death.

Our iron ship was staunch and well manned, but the first swirl of the whirlwind, traveling in its might like a majestic cylinder of fire-storm, stripped a portion of the guards and boats from the deck, and carried one of the crew into the sea, breaking his leg. He caught a stray rope and was rescued. The man at the wheel lost control of the vessel for a little, and veering round, she went into the trough of the sea. The great billows instantly flooded and submerged her, and the sea-water poured down the hatchway and through the sky-lights on the deck like falls of a mill-dam. Those in the saloon feeling the roll of the ship, the waves going over her, and seeing the green water starred with foam at the port-holes, and in the descending cataract within, threatening to fill every room and cabin in the ship, will never forget the scene. This was repeated several times. The wind blew so

fiercely that the waves were cut off completely by it, and leveled like a floor, and the foam made it look white and fleecy, like wool spread out upon a plain.

The ship could not be guided into the teeth of the wind at right angles with the waves, but must be made to "quarter on," striking each wave at an angle of 45°. In this way there was a constant strain on the machinery, tending to force the ship round parallel with the waves, so she would roll helplessly in the trough of the sea, and soon go to pieces. The trial of her strength in this way, hour after hour, was fearfully great. When the stern would be down in the water, and the prow climbing a wave, the cut of the iron ship upon it sounded as if it were grating on the side of a vast granite rock, making the whole ship tremble as she labored staggeringly over it. Then, in going down on the other side, the stern of the ship would be lifted from the water, and the increased speed of the great propelling screw, freed from the resistance of the water, and driven by the force of a thousand horse power, would shake and jar the ship as if it were coming to pieces. The passengers assembled in the dining saloon and clung to tables and sofas and chairs round the room, which were chained to the floor. It was impossible to walk, or sit, or recline, without holding on to some object with great firmness. Many were thrown and tossed about like foot-balls, and much injured. For eighteen hours this stress of weather was on us. For eighteen hours, with few interruptions, I sat on the edge of a sofa,

clinging to a table before me; my wife lying on the sofa, and I bracing back against her so as to keep her from being thrown upon the floor. It was a severe test of physical endurance. The sun rose and found us there; it set and left us there. It was not until near midnight that the winds began to abate. Then for hours the sickening roll of the retiring waves was very trying in our state of exhaustion. It was a long time to endure hardness.

After the danger of the first shock was passed, the ship's power to resist before it must give way, was only a question of time. Strained to the utmost in every part, the time was coming when it must weaken somewhere. Neither could the brave and faithful men who manned her long hold out. Any moment some seam might open in the ship, some part of the toiling machinery break, and all be over. The sea was lashed into fury in its heights and depths. Death sat on the floods. Peril looked in at the windows. The roar and tumult was terrific. We were 1,500 miles from shore each way. There was but a plank between us and eternity.

For the first fifteen minutes, when death seemed inevitable, my shrinking and recoil from death was very strong. It was a terror to think of being cast into such an angry, surging sea. Then came the thought, I cannot give up my work for Christ now; His service is a joy, and in my strength I want to live and toil for Him. After this came thoughts of my children and friends, and my church in St. Louis. I said in my heart, my work is not done. I cannot part with them now. Lord spare me from this hour. When this tide of thought and emotion had swept swiftly past, it was as if Jesus came

to me walking on the sea. My heart leaped out to Him in complete assurance and rest. "Perfect love casteth out fear." From that moment He was my refuge, and all burden went. There was a great calm in my soul. Heaven seemed near and unutterably precious. The bright way to it through the crystal waters appeared short and beautiful as a pavement of emerald. There was a feeling of resignation and readiness, then and there, in the midst of the boiling, tempestuous sea, to go home to the Heavenly Father's house. From that early point to the end, I was permitted to minister to others.

The occasion required a soul calm and serene and confident in God. The crash of the sea and the revels of the wind, and the thunder of the far deep, was mingled with the shrieks and groans of the affrighted passengers. Under the influence of fear, the eyes protruded as in strangulation and drowning. All classes were in prayer, asking mercy and seeking piteously to be directed. The interest in personal salvation was instant and universal. A Jew sat at my feet fifteen hours, leaving only at the briefest intervals. The group around me, clinging to their holds, listened to the words of salvation as for their lives. The Bible seemed builded as an armory wherein hung a thousand promises, all mighty shields for men in the perils of the sea. The Old Volume and the New, Christ and the Apostles, all spake for "those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters."

Every few minutes I tore a blank leaf from my note-book, and my wife, as I steadied her, writing down some wonderful promise of God, the paper was passed round the whole circle from hand to hand,

and read with intense interest and comfort, each one in turn looking up at the writer with a glance of grateful recognition. Some of the passages will readily recur to the reader:—

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Is xliii: 2.

He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind. Their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. Ps. cxvii: 25-28.

At length God lifted his frown from the sea and visited us with his smile. "He maketh the storm a calm. So that the waves thereof are still." On the Sabbath that followed, praise and gratitude to God rose in the worship, like incense. There were no dry eyes or indifferent hearts. Many who had been the most reckless in their excesses and profanity, said: "Our prayers and our trust in Christ, commenced in storm, shall never cease in calm."

The experience was of great value. I know now how it will seem to die. It is going home in the light and peace of Christ. I know the keeping power of our Lord in the hour of mortal terror

and fear. I know the might of His arm to uplift and cheer the soul in its extremities. I know the wondrous sweetness of His grace and love when human strength fails. I know that the near approaches to Him are like sunrise to the soul, and that the entrance ways to His presence chamber, through one of which I glanced, are filled with the brightness of the King's countenance and the gleam of angelic hosts. When the gates of light swing before us, and we enter into the joy of our Lord, it will be a moment of supreme inspiration and gladness. Since that day when God hid me in his pavilion and taught me, I have been, I trust, a better guide to souls in need, in the house of prayer, and in the chambers of pain and suffering. I asked for the redemption of a hundred souls that year. I record it to the praise of God that He gave that number and more.

There is a cleft in the rock for refuge from the frenzy of the storm, and hidden manna for the soul. We can say with Christ, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

Congregationalist.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

VIII.—PTOLEMAIS.

The names *Acco*, *Ptolemais* and *Acre* represent three distinct eras in the history of a single seaport which has also been sometimes known as *St. Jean d'Acre*. It lies on the northern part of one of the largest and most sheltered bays in the Syrian coast, lying at the outlet of the great plain of Esdraelon, and having the bold peak of Mt.

Carmel as its southern limit. But a single allusion to it is made in the Old Testament. In *Judges* i: 31, it is said, "Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of Acher, nor the inhabitants of Sidon." These words fix the place as within the limits of the tribe of Asher, and recognize what has been one of its remarkable features

—its great power of resistance as a military fortress. They also shew that it was a stronghold as well as a Phœnician port before the settlement of Canaan by the Jews under Joshua and his successors.

Pliny and Strabo inform us that its sands were famous as furnishing the materials out of which the artisans of Sidon made glass, and hence some philologists have concluded that its name is derived from the Arabic *Ak* or *Aket*, which signifies a sandy shore heated by the sun. As the ancient city and seaport continued in the hands of its original possessors it made no figure in the history of the Jews as given in the Old Testament. We can only presume that it was frequented by them as were Sidon and Tyre, for purposes of trade, as the most intimate relations had subsisted between them ever since the times of Solomon. And when the servant of Elijah went up to the summit of Carmel and looked towards the sea, after that marvelous scene when the fire of heaven had consumed the sacrifice, he saw across the glittering waters of the bay of Acre the white sails of many vessels going in and out of the harbor, and upon the low promontory that jutted out from the shore were the walls of the old Phœnician city which had proved impregnable to the tribe within whose limits the city stood.

The place finds frequent mention in the apocryphal books of the Maccabees, but under the new name of *Ptolemais*, which it had received from one of the Ptolemies, who after the dismemberment of the Macedonian dynasty had added Phœnicia to his possessions, and who largely improved and strengthened the port, whose importance as a stronghold he could not have failed to see.

Various medals have been collected from its ruins, of which some bear the Phœnician name of *Ok* or *Akko*, and have the date of the times of Alexander, from which it is inferred that that prince gave to the place his presence and favors. Others are interpreted as assuming that the city was an asylum or refuge, and that it was devoted to the worship of Diana. Then also, it is thought, were commercial establishments or factories founded by merchants of Antioch. During the wars that occurred between Syria and Egypt it fell into the hands of Antiochus the Great, and became a part of his kingdom. It was the base of military operations to the Maccabees when they ruled over Judea. Simon drove his enemies back within its walls, and Alexander Balas offered it as a prize to Jonathan when he would secure his co-operation in establishing his claim to the Syrian throne. When the Syrian power declined, the city of *Ptolemais* became independent, and after various fortunes passed into the hands of the Romans, who connected it with Berytus by a military road built along the coast, and raised it to the rank of a colony under the title of *Colonia Claudii Cœsaris*. Such was its condition when the Gospel began to be preached by the disciples of Christ, after they were scattered abroad by the persecutions at Jerusalem. Here, as well as at all the prominent towns along the coast were found those who had embraced the Christian religion, and who were united as members of the great household of Faith. But one mention is made of it in the New Testament. In the history of Paul's journey from Ephesus to Jerusalem, *Acts* xxi: 7, it is said,—“when we had finished our course from Tyre we came to Ptolemais

and saluted the brethren and abode with them one day." This brief record while it presents to us the fact that the city was still one of the important centres of commerce in the line of seaports along the Syrian coast shows us also that the Gospel had won its way there and that among its busy merchants were disciples of Christ, who were ready to give a welcome to the apostle Paul, as he was passing on in the prosecution of his missionary labors. The Accho which ancient Israel could never conquer had opened its gates to the Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

From this time onward the city was the scene of conflicts, and the seat of military operations that have left the whole land only a wreck of its former greatness and glory. There Vespasian met his son Titus when they were marshalling their legions for the subjection of Palestine, and from this point they marched in bloody conflicts until Jerusalem was destroyed and the Jewish nation stripped of its last remnant of civil and military power.

In the year A. D. 636, Ptolemais fell into the hands of the Saracens, when they were pressing their way over the lands of the East with all that wondrous enthusiasm and power that was inspired by their creed and their law of conquest. It remained in their possession until the time of the First Crusade, A. D. 1099, when it formed a part of the kingdom of Jerusalem. But when Saladin defeated the forces of the Christians in the disastrous battle of Hattin or Tiberias, and Jerusalem fell into his hands, Ptolemais or Acre, as it began to be called, also yielded to him and became again a Saracen stronghold. The successes of the infidel forces again aroused the whole of Europe, and a third Crusade was inaugurate-

ed for the deliverance of the Holy Places of Palestine from the hands of the Moslems. In this vast undertaking were engaged Frederic Barbarossa, the Emperor of Germany, Richard I, (the Lion Hearted) of England, and Philip Augustus of France.

Frederick with a well equipped army made his way to Asia through Hungary and Greece, sending terror into the heart even of Saladin himself, by his victorious progress, but his career was suddenly terminated by death, in consequence of imprudently bathing in the waters of the Cydnus. The forces of France and England mean while marched on as far as Lyons where they separated, Philip taking the road through Genoa and Richard going by the way of Marseilles. On the 2nd of April, 1191, Philip arrived with his army at Ptolemais where the forces of Germany had for several months been in vain besieging the city. Nor was this large additional force yet able to effect the reduction of this stronghold. At length Richard arrived with his forces, after his marriage with Berengeria. He came with his fleet from Cyprus, and joined his army with those of Germany and France. The united forces of the Crusaders presented an imposing appearance, the bravest and best soldiers of Europe were spread out along the sandy plain between Ptolemais and the mountains that overshadowed it. This city must be taken, as the key to Palestine. The siege had now lasted for over two years, and the inhabitants of the beleaguered town finding themselves on the verge of famine at length surrendered to the crusaders.

Michaud speaks of it as a famous siege in which the Crusaders shed more blood and exhibited more bravery than ought to have suffic-

ed for the subjection of the whole of Asia. More than one hundred skirmishes and nine great battles were fought before the walls of the city. Several flourishing armies came to recruit armies nearly annihilated, and were in their turn replaced by fresh armies. The bravest nobility of Europe perished in this siege, swept away by sword or disease.

Though the progress of Richard I, from this point, was attended by many signal victories, yet he eventually found his army so wasted that he was obliged to turn homeward even when in sight of Jerusalem. Before sailing from Acre on his disastrous voyage, he made a treaty by which that seaport was secured as a possession to the Christian population of Palestine. For just one hundred years this treaty was kept. But in the year 1291 the Sultan of Egypt wrested the city from the hands of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem, who had strongly fortified it and to whose care it had been committed. In the year 1517 the city again changed hands and passed out of its Mameluke owners into the possession of the Turks under Selim I. Towards the middle of the last century it was wrested from its Turkish proprietors by the Arab Sheikh Daher, who with his successors brought it into importance as a commercial centre, and fortified and improved the town. Under the rule of his successor the place was still more enlarged and its fortifications strengthened. It was then that it became again the scene of a long and obstinate contest for power between Napoleon and the Mameluke forces, aided by their English allies. After the battle of the Pyramids in which the French had become the masters of Egypt, their

general determined to march upon Acre, of which he had said, "on that little town hangs the destiny of the East." It was held by Achmet the Butcher, with all his military forces. Information having been sent to Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising in the Levant with an English fleet, he at once set sail for Acre with two ships of the line and several smaller vessels of war and captured a French flotilla sent with supplies, and a siege equipage, just before he entered the harbor. Adding a powerful battering train to the defences of the city which was manned with English soldiers, the allied forces awaited the assaults of the army of Napoleon. There the Emperor received a check in his victorious career, and the French found this ancient stronghold as impregnable as did the tribe of Asher when they took possession of the land which had fallen to their lot. Ten days after he had commenced the siege of Acre he boldly advanced with 6,000 men to meet an army of 30,000 Turks, and after a long and desperate conflict completely routed and destroyed a force between which and his own troops there was such vast disproportion.

Returning to Acre he resumed the siege of a town which he felt must be his, before he could seize the treasures of the East. But he found behind those impregnable ramparts a combined force which resisted all his efforts to accomplish his purposes. The walls were manned by English and Turks and the harbor was filled with the English, Russian and Turkish fleets.

The shells of the French plowed the streets of Acre, and shattered its walls, and the shots from the harbor and forts of the beleaguered city sent death and devastation through the ranks of the assail-

ants. At the close of sixty days of terrible conflict and destruction the French general withdrew his forces and abandoned his project of forcing his way eastward, and with the remnant of his army began his retreat through Egypt to France.

The broken walls of Acre were now repaired and strengthened until it became the strongest fortress in Syria.

In 1832 Ibrahim Pasha besieged it and threw into it 35,000 shells, and in 1840 the English forces under Admiral Stopford bombarded it and laid it in ruins for the purpose of returning Syria to the rule of the Turks. Since then, under its modern rulers, it has been again rebuilt and strengthened, but it is no longer of importance as a commercial centre, and is dependent for its life and prosperity only upon its military character and its strength as a fortress, which stands at the outlet of the great valley of Esdraelon, which has been for ages the theatre of conflicts between the hostile armies of ambitious monarchs.

Those who are seeking for relics of its ancient life must dig through the ruins of centuries and millenniums. The Accho of Joshua and Israel is buried beneath the age of the Ptolemies and of the crusaders. The walls which Asher could not enter have crumbled beneath the assaults of early Rome, and the shot and shell of France and of England.

But the natural features of the city and its surrounding are unchanged. Into that broad and beautiful bay which sweeps around under the heights of Mount Carmel, near which now is found the best anchorage and the deepest water,—enter two rivers, the ancient Belus now called Naman,

which runs almost under the walls of the city, and Kishon, which waters the valley of Esdraelon and enters the bay near Mount Carmel. It was near this latter stream about 15 miles inland, that the stirring scenes referred to by Deborah in *Judges* v: 21, took place. Here at the outlet of this river is the small walled town of Kaifa, above which on the sides of the Carmel are the ruins of an old crusaders' fortress.

The city of Acre contains now only about 4,500 inhabitants, and its streets and walls and general appearance indicate the prevalence of Moslem rule. There are still found some relics of its old masters, the Knights of St. John, among which are ruins of the church of St. Andrews, the Hotel of the Knights Hospitallers and the Latin Convent, once the church of St. John. The fortifications are well planned and substantial, mounted with about 400 pieces of artillery, most of which are of old and inferior character. On one large bronze cannon is the motto, "Ultima ratio regum,"—the last argument of kings. The history of war turns this into a terrible satire. For the appeal to the arbitrament of the sword seems usually to be the first resort, and when the bloody work of war has ceased, there comes an appeal to reason and to diplomacy, or the intervention of some neutral power, which if first resorted to might have saved millions of treasure and thousands of lives.

The author of *The Land and the Book* has given a minute description of Acre as it now appears,—after its varied fortunes and its long and eventful history. With the exception, (he tells us,) of a few palms and fruit orchards and vegetable gardens, the surround-

ings of the city are very naked and uninteresting. Its military character, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the shallowness and insecurity of the harbor, keep it down. And so the trade and population is gradually moving to Kaifa, where the steamers of the Mediterranean now have their landing place close under the shadow of Mount Carmel. And this reads to us a lesson of the strength and value of commerce in contrast with mere political power and influence, as affecting the growth and stability of human institutions and communities. The favor of kings and the ambitious designs of statesmen may for a time build up cities and give them power and influence. Yet when they are no longer of use for the accomplishment of their plan, or their patrons have passed away, their day of prosperity is turned into darkness and night. So it was with the once splendid city of Cæsarea. It was opulent and populous, so long as it could bask in the favor of kings, who made it their capitol, and whose favor forced into its harbor the navies of the world. But when these passed away, the tide of its success and power ebbed, never to swell again,

and nothing is left but desolation. So too, for ages, Acre as a strong strategic point was the object of strife among ambitious kings and generals, and mighty armies contended for it. But when these influences ceased to be operative and its value as a stronghold declined, commerce assumed the command, and in her peaceful work and mission built up other cities more adapted to her wants and better fitted to accomplish her purposes. And thus even in that land whose history has been marked by desolating wars and bloody conflicts, commerce asserts her rights and rises above the power of crowned kings, and mighty armies, and builds for herself new centres of influence, and new capitals for her empire, and leaves the homes of regal pomp and of military glory to become scenes of decay and desolation, or to sink into the mere dependencies of her own nobler and more lasting authority and glory.

The *Acco* of Israel, and the *Ptolemais* of Rome, and the *Acre* of the crusaders, is outstripped by cities which were unknown when she was the impregnable fortress of Phœnicia, and the golden key by which contending nations sought to unlock the treasures of the East.

THE JEANNETTE POLAR EXPEDITION.

The U. S. Government cutter *Jeannette*, referred to in the July MAGAZINE, (see July No. p. 212) left San Francisco on the afternoon of July 8th, for her trip of exploration to the North Pole. The *Bulletin* of that city, of June 25th furnished very interesting particulars as to the vessel and her outfit, as follows:—

As the *Jeannette* arrived in the Bay of San Francisco several months ago, it was generally supposed that before this she would be on the way to the Arctic. There has been no delay, however, in her sailing. Should she pass through Behring Strait before the breaking up of the ice, she could only await the coming of that event before proceeding on her course. The ice usually begins to break up during

August or September, and it is the plan of her commander to arrive in the Arctic as nearly as possible upon the breaking up of the ice. She will go under sail, as much as possible, to Behring Strait. The time of the passage, should she not encounter head winds or adverse currents, would be about thirty days. The trip is liable to occupy considerable more time, but should it take two months for her to reach the Arctic she would arrive at a good time, it is expected, to take advantage of the break up in the ice to push on to the North Pole.

The task that now occupies the attention of those about to sail in her, is the coaling and provisioning, and quite as much care and forethought are needed in each of these branches as in any other of her equipment. To utilize every square inch of her cargo room with fuel and provisions is the end sought to be accomplished, and the work of packing and stowing away supplies, with a view to secure the largest possible amount of these two main requisites in the smallest possible space has been carefully going on for several days, and is now almost completed. The provisions which she will carry are almost wholly in the concentrated or condensed form, and are similar to those with which previous Arctic-bound ships have been fitted up, comprising, with the exception of flour and its preparations, almost wholly meats, vegetables and fruits, put up in the most approved form. She will be provisioned for fully three years.

She will have on board one hundred and thirty-five tons of coal on leaving this port. At Alaska her bunkers will be replenished. She will be accompanied by a convoy which will carry about twenty tons additional of provisions and sixty

or seventy tons of coal. The convoy will accompany her to St. Michael's, and leave her as fully coaled and provisioned as when she sails from this port. The surplus provisions and coal taken up will then be placed in a cache on the outskirts of the ice at St. Michael's to serve as reserve supplies in case of the wreck or abandonment of the vessel, or for the use of her crew on the return voyage.

The expedition will be supplied with trained dogs and fur clothing at St. Paul's. The clothing was ordered many months ago, soon after the enterprise was determined upon.

Never before have more elaborate preparations been made to render a Polar expedition successful. Every appliance, scientific or otherwise, whose utility has been suggested by the experience of former voyages will have its place on the *Jeannette*. In the appointment of the officers and selection of the men, quite as much care has been taken as in respect to the other preparations. Her commanding officer, Lieutenant De Long, United States Navy, has previously made one hard Arctic voyage, having gone up, in 1873, in the *Tigress* in search of the *Polaris*. The chief executive officer and engineer have also made previous voyages to the frozen zone, and the ice-pilot, on whose skill very much depends the safe navigation of the vessel, is an old whaler who has spent years in the Polar regions. The crew are picked men, of whom several have accompanied one or more expeditions of exploration to the Arctic.

The *Jeannette* was built in England in 1862, the name under which she was launched being the *Pandora*. She was especially constructed for service in the ice,

whether as whaler or as exploring vessel. With this object in view she was built of English oak, and made as strong in her hull as possible. She is a bark-rigged steamer-yacht of 420 tons burthen, and furnished with an engine of 200 horse power. She has already been employed in one voyage of exploration. Six years ago Captain Young sailed in her from England for the Arctic, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the records believed to have been buried by Sir John Franklin's party just before the death of the last surviving members of that unfortunate expedition. She started, however, too late, in the season, to take advantage of the break up of the ice, and being unable to proceed on her mission returned to England.

Mr. Bennett, it is said, took an earnest interest in that voyage, and the peculiar merits of the yacht coming under his observation, he selected her for her present voyage when he had finally determined to send an expedition to the Polar Seas. He purchased the vessel in England about a year ago, and, dropping her former somewhat ominous title of *Pandora*, re-christened her the *Jeannette*. From England she proceeded to Havre, and thence around Cape Horn to this port, arriving here in the early spring, after a passage of six months.

During the time that she has been at Mare Island, some important repairs and improvements have been made. Her hull has been very materially strengthened by bracing. In her hold have been placed three large double trusses with a stanchion in the centre and hanging knees, each beam being ten by twelve inches, the object being to give her the greatest possible power for resisting the crush-

ing force of the ice. These trusses also have hanging knees reaching from the deck to the keelson. In addition to the trusses she has also been strengthened by having seven wooden strakes of ceiling, each a foot in width by four inches in thickness, placed on either of her sides. She has been provided with two new boilers, built at the Navy Yard. On each side of the boilers are coal bunkers, the engine and fire-room being together without partition. Beside her ordinary machinery she carries an extra donkey pump, two auxiliary pumps, a distilling apparatus capable of distilling five hundred gallons of water per day, and a hoisting engine rigged on the spar deck, to be employed in warping. To keep out, as far as possible, the cold, the cabin and forecastle have been padded on the inside with several thicknesses of heavy felt, and the poop deck has been covered with three thicknesses of stout canvas which has been painted over.

The *Jeannette* will carry one folding boat that can be used on runners as a sled as well as in the water as a boat. She will take eight tents, each six feet by nine; a suit of spare sails, small boats rigged with sails and boat covers. She is also provided with ice saws by which ice of ten or fifteen feet in thickness can be cut away. She will have a spare storm trysail and awning to cover the space between the poop and the house to be erected on her deck. The latter will be taken to the north by a convoy. It is constructed so as to roof over the deck during wintry storms. The beams of this deck house are mortised and fastened together by screw bolts, so that it can be taken down or put up at will. The vessel is also provided with two extra propellers, to be used in case of

accident; also a complete outfit of machinists' tools and stock to repair any break that may occur in the engine. She will leave San Francisco with an entirely new set of sails, including rolling topsails that can be furled from the deck. She has a total of 6,858 square feet of canvas, when all is set. She has accommodations in the forecastle for thirty-six men, but as it will be occupied by only about half that number, all the remaining space will be utilized as store room for supplies and apparatus. The ship will be heated by stoves burning soft coal.

A telegram from San Francisco, dated August 15th, says that the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *St. Paul*, from Onalaska,—one of the Fox Islands off the coast of Alaska, reports that the Arctic exploring yacht *Jeannette* arrived there August 2nd, and was to sail for St. Michael's August 6th. All on board were well.

My Mariner.

Oh, he goes away, singing,
Singing over the sea!
Oh, he comes again, bringing
Joy and himself to me!
Down through the rosemary hollow
And up the wet beach I ran,
My heart in a flutter to follow
The flight of my sailor-man.

He on a husband sitting
Still in the house at home!
Give me a mariner, ditting
And flashing over the foam!
Give me a voice resounding
The songs of the breezy main!
Give me a free heart bounding
Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;
But never! was queen so grand
As I, while I watch him blowing
Away from the lazy land.
I have wedded an ocean-rover,
And with him I own the sea;
Yet over the waves come over,
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,
Blithe on the homeward tide!
Hark to it, heart! up and after;
Off to the harbor-side:
Down through the rosemary hollow
And over the sand-hills, light
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;
And ho! for a sail in sight!

Harper's Magazine for September.

The Sea an Emblem of Christ's Love.

Any one who is familiar with the experiences of bathing and swimming, knows well how wonderfully the weight of the body is apparently diminished while in the sea, a fact of which the bather becomes instantly conscious, as his feet touch the shore again, and the burden of the flesh returns with what, at first, seems added weight.

May not this everyday fact be the vehicle to our hearts of a very precious divine truth? to wit, that the instant the soul trusts itself entirely to Christ and his love, the burden of self and sin is taken off, and the believer is sweetly upborne by the strength of the Almighty? Just as one who floats throws his tired body on the waves, and finds on their swelling crests a perfect rest and freedom from his own weight,—but only so long as he gives himself up perfectly, trustfully,—so does the soul, relying on Christ, abandoning itself to the “everlasting love,” realize the security and peace of that upholding.

Yet again, while the ocean thus bears us, and relieves us of the incubus of the flesh, it is also for us the medium of special activity, for the bather, thus supported, may make active effort and progress, becoming at last a successful swimmer. So, herein we may see how the great salvation works in us, to will and to do of His good pleasure. We shall go on and on in the renewed life, so we but trust ourselves to the support of Christ's love, and hold back nothing.

And Jesus saves us, not to make merely a people rescued from destruction, satisfied with safety, but to redeem unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Blessed Lord! make us, by thy Spirit, glad co-workers with thee!

Ill. Christian Weekly.

The Sailor's Text.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psa. 119; 106.

What a lighthouse is this amid the waves of a dark world! Thousands, guided by its blessed light, have reached in safety the desired haven! Thousands more, by neglecting it, have perished amid the reefs of sin and ruin!

Reader! love your Bible. Steer by it. Make it your counsellor and guide in every difficulty. When you are perplexed as to duty, or assaulted by temptation, or bowed down with sorrow, let this ever be your inquiry,—“What saith the Scripture?” Knowing what your Lord’s will is, delight to do it. Obey the Bible’s precepts—listen to its warnings—believe its promises—exult in its hopes. Regard it as your best earthly possession. Be it with you as with the sailor-boy, whose dead body was found on the shore with his Bible fastened by a rope around his bosom. It was the only thing he cared to save!

“Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine—
Mine to tell me whence I came—
Mine to teach me what I am—
Mine to chide me when I rove—
Mine to show a Savior’s love—
Mine to feed a loving faith—
Mine to triumph over death.
Oh, thou precious book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine!”

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

France.

HAVRE.

Italy.

NAPLES.

Rev. HENRY ROGERS writes:—“Our attendance at Bethel services has been rather smaller, of late. We are feeling the effects of the general bad state of commerce, seamen and visitors being much less in number than usual. We seem to have the very opposite of weather that I learn you are experiencing. The “inclement summer” influences us, in many ways, but mostly in a bad way. All Europe is suffering, and unless there is a speedy change for the better, we shall be almost entirely dependent on your country for breadstuffs. But we are thankful that the all bountiful Father has sent to you more than sufficient for your use, so that we need not dread the calamity of famine.”

We have the “First Annual Report of The Harbor Mission,” in pamphlet form, and can supply a few copies to friends. The Mission was formally instituted 13th March, 1878, a Sailors’ Home having been opened in N., in 1874-5. The Continental Committee of the Free Church of Scotland made the grant which resulted in the establishment of the Mission, and our own Society has been privileged to aid in its support, together with the National Bible Society of Scotland, and the British and Foreign Sailor’s Society. Mr. STEPHEN BURROWES has been the Missionary from the outset; and from the first, Christian work has gone forward continuously and successfully. The new mis-

sion ship *Victoria* on which Bethel services are held, was launched 11th November, 1878, and its inaugural services were held January 6th, 1879. Rev. H. T. BARFF, English chaplain, Rev. T. W. S. JONES, of the Wesleyan Church, and Rev. J. GORDON GRAY, of the Presbyterian Church, assist Mr. Burrowes in the services at the Bethel, as well as occasional visitors. A library has been instituted, and 195 religious services were held at the Bethel and on steamers and sailing vessels, up to the close of the first year. Fifty-seven hundred tracts and books were given away, at the Bethel, and in 2,828 visits to vessels, with 39 Bibles and Testaments in various languages, sold. Ten thousand English speaking seamen are annually in reach of the missionary and the Bethel. We refer our readers to the July number of the MAGAZINE, (p. 216) for records which exhibit the nature and issue of the work wrought through God's blessing, by all these agencies.

New York City.

Our Missionaries at the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, write as follows, July 31st.

Corresponding Secretary A. S. F. S.—

Dear Sir:—"In forwarding you a brief report of our labors for the past few months, we desire to acknowledge the protecting power of the Lord in sparing us up to this present time. While keeping us actively engaged in His service, He has given us many assurances of his Divine blessing on our humble efforts to advance his kingdom.

"Our work has continued, as usual, in constant visits to boarding houses, to vessels in harbor, to hospitals (seamen's) and to seamen's families, where the Word of God has been distributed, and invitations given to religious services. We have, notwithstanding some discouragements, had many tokens of Divine favor in the persons of those who have been hopefully converted, having received the Gospel not as the word of man, but as it is, in truth, the Word of God. Of those to whom the Gospel has become the power of God through faith

unto salvation, we will mention a few cases, for the encouragement of all co-workers in the Master's Vineyard.

"A few weeks ago, four young seamen came to the Sailors' Home after an absence of many months. They were not converted on entering upon the voyage, but they came back, born of the Spirit of God. According to their own statement, they used to go to the means of grace at the Home, occasionally, but "made light of these things," and often sneered at Christians. However, the word spoken in the meetings, it appears, was blest of God,—for when they got to sea, it set them to thinking, and they began to pray, earnestly, crying to God to have mercy upon them. The result was that they found the Lord to the joy of their hearts,—missionaries in China being, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, a great help to them. Three of these men have united with the Church of Sea and Land in this city.

"Another interesting case was that of an old colored woman who died a short time ago, at the age of ninety-one years. Before dying, she gave such evidence of her acceptance with God, through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, as few, perhaps, ever give. Through the aid of the Holy Spirit, and the prayer meetings held among the colored people, we believe she was brought to see and feel herself a sinner, and to embrace Christ as her Savior.

"We have paid occasional visits to the different seamen's hospitals, and while humbly endeavoring to present Jesus to the sick and the dying, have drawn so many blessings for our own souls from our common source of comfort, that we find great recompense in being permitted to continue in that way.

"We have also visited destitute seamen's families, and through the bounty of the Society, have been instrumental in making sorrowful hearts glad because their temporal wants have been supplied.

"Our great desire is, whether here or elsewhere, to have our lives so consistent before men, that the word of God shall have free course and be glorified.

C. A. BORELLA,
J. SMITH."

Norfolk, Va.

Chaplain CRANE writes under date of July 31st, that he "has been engaged in, and for the most part superintended arrangements for, an Open Air Temper-

ance Campaign under the auspices of the Norfolk Christian Temperance Union, which though not immediately connected with his Bethel work, yet reached a good many seafaring men. The meetings were held on the Norfolk Academy grounds, where platform, seats and lights were provided, every night, except Sundays, when they were held in the afternoon, from the 10th to the 22nd of July. They were conducted by Col. LUTHER CALDWELL, of Elmira, N. Y., a most effective temperance speaker, assisted by Prof. JOHN M. DENNIS, of Philadelphia, the Singing Evangelist, who conducted the musical exercises. The superiority of speech and song of these brethren, attracted immense audiences, numbering at times from 3,000 to 5,000—the largest public meetings ever assembled in Norfolk,—including many of the most respectable people of the city. The interest was well sustained to the close of the meetings, the last one being the most largely attended. Over six hundred signatures to the total abstinence pledge were obtained, which, though not a large number at such gatherings, yet included many who have been very intemperate, and whose reformation, it is to be hoped, is thus begun.

"On Sunday, July 20th, a Gospel Temperance meeting was held aboard the U. S. Receiving ship *Franklin*. Chaplain Crane conducted the opening services and introduced Col. Caldwell, who conducted a Responsive Scripture Praise Service, and made a most earnest and pointed temperance appeal. Prof. Dennis, assisted by a chorus, sang a number of Gospel hymns with an impressiveness that sent home the truths of the preceding address. Capt. GILLIS, commander of the ship, added a few remarks commending the temperance cause to his men, and then signed the total abstinence pledge, as did also the executive officer and over fifty others of the ship's company, most of whom were

present. The Captain and executive officer and about a dozen others had previously signed at a similar meeting on board the ship about a year ago, and now signed again for example's sake; but all the others,—about forty,—were new signatures.

"Last Sunday night, (July 27th), a special temperance meeting for the benefit of merchant sailors was held at the Bethel by Col. Caldwell and Prof. Dennis, proving one of the most interesting and profitable meetings of the series, and a fitting close to the good work accomplished there within a year past, during which nearly 500 seafaring men have signed the total abstinence pledge, and been enrolled as members of the Christian Temperance Union."

Pensacola, Fla.

Chaplain CARTER wrote, August 4th, that but one vessel was there in quarantine and there was hope of a season's escape from the scourge of yellow fever. In his recent labor at the hospital, he had been able to help sailors toward Christ. He speaks of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE as a visitor always welcome,—and of the number for AUGUST, as "so suited to the seamen,"—adding:—"yesterday an American captain, just from India, was present and taught a class in my Sabbath-school."

Cleaveland, Ohio.

Rev. J. D. JONES reports:—"The Bethel, here, has no chaplain or missionary,—nor has it any Sunday services besides the Sunday-school. I preach on the docks every Sabbath at 10: 30, a. m. and at the Sailors' Hospital, Friday afternoon. We also have a good number of sailors at our Tabernacle meetings, where we hold six services each week,—on the corner of Ontario and St. Clair Streets."

Portland, Oregon.

In the *European Mail* (London, Eng.) for July, the following appreciative mention is made of the Portland Seamen's Friend Society:

"A movement is being made by the 'Portland Seamen's Friend Society,' of Portland, Oregon—auxiliary to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York—which deserves the hearty support of our readers. The indefatigable chaplain, Rev. R. S. STUBBS, whose efforts to promote the moral and material welfare of the seamen, steamboat men, fishermen and alongshoremen, who labor on the Columbia river and Puget Sound waters, are well known,—has decided upon establishing mariners' homes and bethels, with suitable reading rooms in the Columbia and Puget Sound ports, and any contributions in aid of these objects will be gratefully received by him at the office, Portland, Oregon."

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Grateful Testimony and Aid.

We furnish to our readers a few letters lately at hand, from seamen who have recently used our Loan Libraries, and testify as they have seen and known, of their value and work. It will appear, also, that they "show their love, by their works." They are as follows:—

BALTIMORE, June 13th, 1879.

Dear Sir:—"Library 4.415,* has been on board the bark *Yamoyden* two voyages. I now send it back to you to be exchanged for another. I should be almost lost for reading to improve the mind, but for your libraries. I can see they are doing much good among seamen. The books have been well read. Enclosed please find \$10 from the ship's company as a thank offering to the Lord.

Respectfully yours,

E. H. TOBEY,

Master Bark *Yamoyden*."

P. S. Captain S., of the *Water Witch*, wanted me to ask for a library for him. He is a Christian man sailing out of this port to Rio and the West Indies.

NEW YORK, July 31st, 1879.
To the American Seamen's Friend Society:

In August, 1878, I was in this port and my ship was kindly supplied with a library of choice books, by your Society.

I am informed that the library was a donation from a lady by the name of H. E. B., now deceased. I am happy to say that I have every reason to believe that the books were read by myself and all on board, with great interest, and with good effect.

Wishing your Society God's blessing and speed, I am,

Yours, respectfully,

JOHN HEBBERT,
Master Ship *Adolphus*.

P. S.—Please to accept my small gift of \$5.

PIER 9 EAST RIVER, NEW YORK,
August 12th, 1879.

I write a few lines to thank you for the library† which you put on board the *Ada Wiswall* more than three years ago, and also for that which you have so carefully selected for us to take on this present voyage, which is to be the same as the last,—to New Zealand. The last library has been used by a great many people,—for besides our own crews, and we have had several during the three years,—a great many persons from shore in the places where we have been, have read the books with very much interest. In New Zealand, in the North Island, we were for four months in a port of the island, where there were neither meeting-houses, roads or carriages. They held their meetings and Sabbath-schools in school-houses, barns or in hotel dining-rooms. All their going about was by boats or on horse back, and as most of the people were settlers, mill-men and bush-men, they had very few books. It was, therefore, a great privilege for them to avail themselves of ours. So I lent them with a great deal of pleasure. The missionaries themselves were very much pleased with some of them. To one I gave Moody's Addresses, and to another Mr. Moody's life. We have lately had a letter from one, a Mr. John Osborne, a Wesleyan missionary, and he writes that he has now had a little church built in a small town called Kaihu,—he will be very glad of the book of sermons which you have sent him this time. With many thanks, I remain,

Very truly,

S. S. W.—
Barkentine *Ada Wiswall*.

* Donated by First Congregational church, Milford, Conn.

† No. 5,817, donated by Mrs. E. F. Randolph Morristown, N. J.

PILLOT BOAT ISAAC WEBB, No. 8.
AT SEA, July 14th, 1879.

American Seamen's Friend Society:

Library No. 6,100* which you so kindly loaned to us, and placed on board our vessel about two years ago, I now return. On behalf of the crew and myself, I desire to convey to you, and through you to the "donor or donors," our grateful thanks.

I have kept the library a long time, because our men desired it. They wished to read every book, and I believe every book has been read, and some have been read over and over, marked and studied, and laid up in the memory and heart for future need. A noticeable change for the better, has taken place in the conduct and conversation of all the crew. They have picked up the "bread cast upon the waters" by your kindly hands, they have tasted, and found it to be sweet and good. It has nourished them, and made them think of the "better land," whose inhabitants "never hunger or thirst." They ask to be fed with more, and—with thousands of others—they turn to you, the best and truest friends the sailors have ever had, and say "help us!"

Very gratefully, yours.

H. S.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20th, 1879.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:

I send you, by express, library No. 6,155† which your Society sent on board my vessel, at New York, in August, 1877. It has remained with us until this date, during which time I have made one East Indian, one West Indian and two European voyages, with different crews. The books have been read with much interest by myself, officers and crew.

I have taken as good care of them, as possible, both to see that they were kept clean and that none of them were taken away, but notwithstanding one of them was taken by one of the crew. I here-with enclose you \$5 as a donation to Society, also key of library, and with thanks for the use of it. I remain,

Yours, truly,

R. McMILLAN,

Master bark John F. Robertson.

* Donated by John W. Hamersley, Esq., New York City.

† Donated by Mrs. Admiral A. L. Case, Newburg, N. Y.

Glad to Help Him Home.

The following letter witnesses to the varied nature of the beneficent work to which God has called us for the sons of the sea.

SEAMEN'S RETREAT HOSPITAL,
STAPLETON, S. I., N. Y., JULY 30th, 1879.

Cor. Sec'y American Seamen's Friend Society:—For myself as well as on behalf of seaman J. Von Slosson for whom you so kindly interceded and aided in securing a free ticket to his home (in Denmark)—allow me to express to you and your Society my sincere thanks. The poor fellow is far gone with consumption, has been here many months and cannot live long. Wishing you success, I am, dear sir, with great respect,

C. HENRY KING, M. D.

It Was Appreciated.

A Chicago correspondent says:—"The article on Capt. AUGUSTUS PROAL in the August number of your MAGAZINE, (p. 232), has interested me so greatly that I am persuaded it could not fail to do great good if it were printed and circulated in tract form. We sometimes feel that a man is in a hopeless case who is not converted before he is thirty-seven years old, and we are inclined to become discouraged and give up all efforts in his behalf. Yet, how much good was accomplished by this man after that period! May God make use of this to despondent mothers, as a means of encouragement to renewed effort and prayer for their unconverted sons!"

J. A. D."

Their Continuing Life.

The vitality and varied usefulness of some of our loan libraries is illustrated by the history of No. 2,197. We placed it, April 6th, 1867, on the brig *Two Marys*, of Digby, N. S., bound for Zaza,

Cuba; and assigned it to Mrs. M. L. Bruere, of Allentown, N. J., for a donation to that end. It came back to us, in good condition, having been much read. We next put it in the New York City Hospital, where it was accessible to 300 men, May 18th, 1868. February 25th, 1878, it appeared again at our Rooms, and was sent on the schooner *Hattie E. Giles*, of Seaford, Del., to St. Kitts, W. I.—and when its work was done, on that vessel, it came back to us again like Noah's dove,—was refitted and sent, May 22nd, 1879, to Cuba, on the brig *Neva*, of Lunenburg, N. S.

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They Do Remember.

The simple sailor's letter, printed below, was lately received at our SAILORS' HOME in this city. It was dated at Bristol, England, and shows that its writer is one of a class of men who are quick to feel and not slow to recall the kindness which the missionaries, there, are ever ready to extend.

Dear Sir :—"I write these few lines to let you know I am in good health, hoping to find you the same. I am very sorry to let you know that another apprentice fell overboard and never was seen any more. I may also let you know that the second mate is keeping well. Sometimes he tells and reads to me about Jesus. I send my best respects to the pastor, Mr. McC., Miss S., Miss M., and Miss W., I hope they are all well. No more at present.

I remain your loving friend,

J. F."

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The U. S. Schoolships—Training American Sailors for our Navy.

A Washington dispatch to the Associated Press says:—

The United States steamer *Wachusett*, which was dispatched on a voyage up the Mississippi to enlist boys for the American navy, was, owing to the unusual lack of water, unable to proceed above Vicksburg. She will return to New Orleans and there secure boys, remaining there as long as the health of the Gulf may

permit. The sailors of the American navy are now largely of foreign material. Under the system of training American boys for that life, the whole personnel of enlisted men is rapidly changing and enlarging. Among the vessels called training ships now engaged in that work is the *Portsmouth*, which is on a cruise on the northeastern coast, engaged in enlistment; the *Saratoga*, which will in a few days also go up the New England coast, stopping at the places not visited by the *Portsmouth*. In the Autumn she will go southward, visiting Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola and Mobile to secure Southern boys. The *Constitution* will, as soon as she can be put in readiness, be added to the fleet of training ships. The *Michigan*, which is on the lakes, has also been ordered on this service. She will visit Chicago and the other principal ports in her section. In October next it is proposed to have an exhibition exercise in Hampton Roads of as many of the training ships as possible. After this the boys will be transferred to the receiving ship *Minnesota*, at New York, and from there drafted to the different ships of the navy. The places of the boys so transferred will be filled by enlistment to the complement allowed under an act of the last session of Congress, which authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to enlist annually 750 boys.

We welcome this movement as likely to issue in results of the most excellent character.

In connection with the above, we see that the U. S. Steamer *Minnesota* lately arrived at New York, from a cruise up the Hudson River on a recruiting expedition, which was unexpectedly successful. Altogether the physicians on board examined 244 boys, 131 of whom passed satisfactorily. They say that the boys generally are a fine lot. The rejections in New York averaged 80 per cent., while those of the Hudson River towns averaged about fifty. The most inferior lot presented for examination were from Albany and Troy, not over five per cent. of whom were accepted. During the trip up the Hudson, about twenty thousand people have visited the *Minnesota*. They came from all the cities and towns, and from the back country, and innu-

merable little steam tugs have followed the big ship from anchorage to anchorage, transporting passengers to and from the shore for ten cents the round trip. At Poughkeepsie, Mr. Hudson Taylor and family, and Mrs. Chandler, wife of Commander Chandler, of the *Lackawanna*, took them in hand and made their stay in that place pleasant. At Rondout, Mr. Thomas Cornell, and Mr. Samuel Coykendall, took charge of them and ran a special train over the Ulster and Delaware railroad for them, and also got up a picnic for them in the Catskills.

Lieutenant T. B. Mason.

This son of a well known New Yorker, for several years in the U. S. Naval Service, was authorized at the last session of Congress to accept a medal conferred on him by King Victor Emmanuel, for going, when flag-lieutenant of the South Pacific squadron, with three sailors, all volunteers, into the lower hold of the Italian bark *Adelaide*, then lying in the harbor of Callao, laden with powder and railroad supplies and in flames, rolling aside the kegs of powder, and reaching and extinguishing the fire behind them with the Babcock apparatus. Lieutenant Mason is instructor of light artillery tactics at the Naval Academy, using a code of drill prepared by himself and approved and printed by the department. Some years ago he received the medal of the Humane Society and a decoration from the Emperor of Brazil for the successful saving of life when he was a midshipman.

Whence Sailors Come.

"People," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "who do not read the shipping lists or have occasion to cruise about the harbor, may be surprised to learn that of foreign vessels arriving at the Port of New York, Norway has more than any country save

Great Britain, and Italy follows closely after Norway. Seamanship is not a matter of climate in Europe. The Genoese, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian take to the salt water as readily as the dwellers by the Norway fiords. The favorite Italian build for vessels is the stubby brig, but the Norwegians prefer the bark, and usually model a more graceful hull. Both nations are sharp competitors for the jobbing trade of navigation. Their vessels are small and are commanded by shrewd, shifty captains who are quick to pick up a cargo for any quarter of the world if a trifling profit can be earned. The cheap construction of these craft and the low wages of the seamen enable them to earn money for their owners at rates of freightage that would be unprofitable for our well-built and well-manned American ships. Many of them founder at sea every year, owing to their flimsy build, but there are plenty of new ones to take their places."

The "Fastest Run,"

On record, was accomplished by the English mail steamer *Durban*, with telegrams from the seat of war at the Cape of Good Hope, last Spring. Leaving Table Bay a little before 8 p.m. on April 1st, the steamer reached Plymouth, England, at 6 p.m. on Sunday, the 20th April, thus performing the whole distance of about 6,000 miles in 18 days and 22 hours, inclusive of all stoppages, and actual steaming 18 days and 16 hours, or 13.1 knots the whole voyage. This result, it is said, eclipses anything on record in steam navigation. Half the distance has been frequently done in less time by the steamers of the lines to New York; but it must be borne in mind that it is a far easier task to run 3,000 miles in nine days, than 6,000 in 18 days, as the *Durban* has done, coals having to be carried for this long distance, etc.

To Bathers.

The Royal Humane Society of England has issued the following seasonable advice to bathers:—"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration, and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after being a short time in the water, there is a sense of chillness, with numbness of the hands and feet, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats, after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water, but leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chillness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser." After bathing, a vigorous use of the towel is very beneficial, and should be followed when necessary by moderate exercise till a gentle reaction sets in. The old notion about the danger of plunging into cold water when the body is heated has long ago been exploded. In fact it is now clearly established that the colder the water the hotter should be the bather. Fever patients it is well known never take cold even if wholly immersed for brief intervals in ice water. If the body is not already in a vigorous glow, bathing is sure to do more harm than good.

No Need of Them.

The champion oarsman, Hanlan, in answer to an English enquirer who asked his opinion as to the use of alcohol and tobacco in athletic exercises, gives it as his opinion that the "best physical performances can only be secured through the absolute abstinence from their use." This is his personal rule, with steadily increasing power and capacity, and he adds: "I believe that the use of liquor

and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete, by irritating the vitals and consequently weakening them."

Position of the Principal Planets for the Month of September, 1879.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month, rising on the 1st at 4h. 27m., and north of east $14^{\circ} 42'$; is stationary among the stars in Leo on the afternoon of the 2nd at 5 o'clock; is at its greatest elongation on the forenoon of the 9th at 10 o'clock, being then $17^{\circ} 58'$ west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 12th, at this time it rises at 4h. 13m. and north of east $14^{\circ} 52'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 14th at 58m. before midnight, being $5^{\circ} 14'$ north; is in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the 26th at 1 o'clock, being $11^{\circ} 11'$ north.

VENUS is an evening star until the evening of the 23rd, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is stationary among the stars in Virgo on the morning of the 3rd at 2 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 16th at 5h. 36m., being $4^{\circ} 7'$ south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 35m., being $15^{\circ} 41'$ north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 6th at 8h. 42m. being $6^{\circ} 55'$ south.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the 1st at 5m. before midnight, being then 10h. 3m. north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon the afternoon of the 27th at 5h. 49m., being $5^{\circ} 16'$ south.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 2h. 18m., being then $3^{\circ} 22'$ north of the equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month. The first time on the evening of the 3rd at 6h. 44m., being $8^{\circ} 26'$ south, and then again on the evening of the 30th at 10h. 17m., being $8^{\circ} 25'$ south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters in July, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 25, of which 12 were wrecked, 3 abandoned, 1 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 4 are missing. The list comprises 2 steamers, 1 ship, 8 barks, 3 brigs and 11 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$610,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w.* were wrecked, *a.* abandoned, *b.* burned, *s.c.* sunk by collision, *f.* foundered, and *m.* missing.

STEAMERS.

State of Virginia, *w.* from New York for Glasgow.
C. F. Ackerman, (tug) *f.* from Bermuda for New York.

SHIP

St. Bernard's, *w.* from New York for Antwerp.

BARKS.

Maddalena Prima, *m.* from Philadelphia for Queenstown.
Mary Elizabeth, *a.* from Troon for Demerara.
Germania, *w.* from New York for Oporto.
Armonia, *m.* from New York for Newry.
B. L., *w.* from San Francisco for Littleton, N. Z.
Osterlida, *w.* from New York for Stettin.
Syra, *w.* from Montevideo for New Bedford.
Bolivia, *b.* from W. C. of Africa for Boston.

BRIGS.

Annie Murchie, *a.* from Cardenas for New York.
Paquete de Nova York, *m.* from Oporto for New York.
J. H. Kennedy, *w.* from St. Jago for Philadelphia.

SCHOONERS.

Spring Bird, *f.* from Pictou for Boston.
Eastern Star, *s.c.* from Greenport fr. New York.
E. Nickerson, *m.* from Wood's Hole for Port Royal, S. C.
Detroit, *w.* (at Huntington, L. I.)
Eastern Light, *w.* from New York for Damariscotta.
John Rose, *w.* from New York for Bermuda.
Jenny Lind, *a.* from Flanders, L. I. for New Haven.
Convoy, *f.* from Lubec for Boston.
Congress, *w.* from Townsend's Inlet for Philadelphia.
Comet, *f.* from Tuspan for Galveston.
Ida Smith, *w.* (near St. Augustine, Fla.)

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

JUNE, 1879.

Sailing Vessels :—33 American, 28 English, 12 Spanish, 11 German, 10 French, 5 Norwegian, 4 Dutch, 4 Italian, 3 Swedish, 2 Portuguese, 1 Austrian, 1 Danish, 1 Russian, 3 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 118. In this number are included 17 vessels reported missing.

Steamers :—4 English, 1 German, 1 Danish; total: 6.

Receipts for July, 1879.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, South church..... \$13 58
Nashua, 1st church..... 13 48

Stratham, Cong. church..... 5 12
Troy, Trin. Cong. church..... 5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, College church.....	17 15
Attleboro, Ladies' Sea. Friend Soc'y, for library.....	20 00
Boston, Mrs. T. V. S., for library.....	20 00
Brockton, 1st Cong. church.....	14 38
Cambridgeport, a friend, for library.....	10 00
Dedham, 1st Cong. church.....	40 25
Fitchburg, Rev. and Mrs. J. M. R. Eaton.....	5 00
Foxboro, Cong. church.....	29 51
Gloucester, legacy Dea. Andrew Parker, by Chas. P. Thompson, Ex.....	500 00
Marblehead, 1st Cong. church.....	24 00
Milbury, F. K. Hodgman.....	1 00
Monson, legacy of Dea. Andrew W. Porter, per E. F. Morris, ex.....	500 00
North Hadley, Cong. church.....	3 42
Oxford, Mrs. Mary Porter.....	15 00
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church.....	50 18
James H. Dunham, to const. self L. M.....	30 00
Somerset, Cong. church.....	5 00
South Weymouth, 2nd ch., to const. Erastus Loud, L. M.....	30 00
Uxbridge, Cong. church.....	20 00
A Friend.....	1 00
West Acton, Bap. church.....	6 09
Worcester, Central church.....	60 70

CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, Cong. church.....	3 26
Bristol, Cong. church, of wh. Chas. E. Nott, for mem'l lib'y in name of his late father, Julius Nott, \$20.....	53 92
Cheshire, Cong. church.....	14 34
Derby, 1st Cong. church.....	18 50
East Haddam, 1st Cong. church.....	12 36
Glastonbury, 1st Cong. church.....	25 00
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. church, Park Cong. church.....	80 00
Pearl St. Cong. church.....	41 58
Old Lyme, Cong. church.....	35 27
Old Saybrook, Cong. church.....	5 31
Salisbury, Cong. church.....	18 30
Sherman, Cong. church.....	6 20
Southport, Fred'k Marquand, Esq., for Savannah, Ga.....	7 58
Master F. Marquand Monroe.....	50 00
West Hartford, Cong. church.....	20 00
West Killingly, Westfield ch., to const. Miss Emily Danielson, L. M.....	71 17
West Suffield, Cong. church.....	35 00
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church.....	1 00
	10 28

NEW YORK.

Bergen, Cong. church.....	11 87
Brooklyn, Church on the Heights.....	118 75
Elmira, Lake St. Pres. church.....	11 00
Horseheads, Pres. church.....	4 35
New York City, William Mathews, Collegiate Ref. Dutch church.....	250 00
Nixon, Hattie Conway.....	41 54
Syracuse, 1st Pres. church.....	2 00
Tarrytown, 1st Ref. ch., of wh. G., for library, \$20.....	47 00
West Bloomfield, Cong. ch., of wh. Mrs. B. P. Hall, \$10.....	47 05
Western, Pres. church.....	18 46
M. E. church.....	10 55
	1 29

NEW JERSEY.

Caldwell, Pres. church.....	21 51
New Brunswick, Mrs. McRee Swift, for library.....	20 00
Princeton, Prof. McCloskie.....	2 00
	\$2,536 50



Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

Pirates of the Chinese Coast.

Of all the dangers that beset the mariner, whether it be from storm, fire, or the hidden reef, none have such terrors for vessels trading in the Pacific Ocean as the pirates that infest the Chinese coast. With ordinary skill and vigilance the former dangers may be guarded against, and it is seldom that some one does not survive to tell the tale, but an attack by these pirates is conducted with such cunning, treachery and skill, that if it is successful, it leaves a mystery far harder to bear than a known misfortune, for those who watch and wait for the ship that never returns to port. Every year adds to the list of stately vessels and gallant crews that leave port forever, and are eventually placed among the "missing." How many of these are captured and destroyed on the China coast can never be known; their assailants show no mercy, and the ocean "tells no tale."

The quaint junks that leave the Chinese ports at nightfall are to all appearances the peaceful traders that they profess to be; but if an unprotected vessel comes in view, the scene changes as if by magic; deck loads of merchandise are thrown into the holds, and cannon take their place; the crews are marvelously

re-enforced by men who have been hidden below, and the former lazy coasters glide swiftly along, propelled not only by their sails, but by long and powerful oars.

The doomed vessel is quickly surrounded by the pirates, and a cannonade soon brings her masts and yards crashing to the deck. Her crew may defend themselves as well as they can, but they are outnumbered fifty to one. Nearer close the pirates, who throw rockets and "jincals" that leave an unquenchable fire and a stupefying smell wherever they fall; the defense grows more feeble, and now, running alongside, the pirates board, and slay all of the crew that may survive. By the busy hands of the plunderers the cargo is soon removed, a hole is bored under the water-line of the captured ship, and as the pirates sail away, the scuttled vessel slowly sinks from view, and after weary months of waiting her name is placed on the list of "missing."

The pirate coasters repair their damages, send the guns below, divide the booty and disperse. If the battle has been heard by a cruiser, she hastens in its direction and meets with two or three easy-going traders who are apparently

unconscious of any such thing as piracy near them. If any sign of the conflict remains about them, and an explanation is required, some plausible story is always ready in which they are represented as the real sufferers. Complaints against all robbers are intermixed with cunningly invented directions to the man-of-war, which is soon in hot chase of an imaginary foe.

If caught, these pirates meet with prompt punishment, which is always death. Knowing this, they will fight fiercely, if discovered by a man-of-war while attacking a vessel, and many instances are recorded where all the members of a pirate crew have destroyed themselves in preference to an ignominious death which they knew they would meet if captured.

A voyager on the waters of the East often finds it difficult, when he sees the Chinese trading vessels sailing peacefully around him, with their gay streamers and picturesque sails, and their gongs sounding a salute as his vessel passes them, to imagine that many of them are pirates, and that if a suitable opportunity were offered them to make an attack, the vessel he is on would never see port again. But if he should happen to imagine such a thing, his fears would probably be well founded, for the records of the Chinese coast service are filled with accounts of vessels which have been attacked and destroyed by pirates that were cruising about in the guise of just such harmless-looking traders as he sees about him.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

Who Was the Bad Boy?

Little Annie was prettily dressed and standing in front of the house waiting for her mother to go to ride.

A tidy boy, dressed in coarse clothes, was passing, when the little girl said:

“Come here, boy, and s’ake hands with me. I dot a boy dus like you named Bobby.”

The boy laughed, shook hands with

her and said: “I’ve got a little girl just like you, only she hasn’t got any little cloak with pussy fur on it.”

Here a lady came out of the door and said: “Annie, you must not talk with bad boys on the street. I hope you haven’t taken anything from her? Go away, and never stop here again, boy.”

That evening the lady was called down to speak to a boy in the hall. He was very neatly dressed, and stood with his cap in his hand. It was the enemy of the morning.

“I came to tell you that I was not a bad boy,” he said; “I go to Sunday-school and help my mother all I can. I never tell lies, nor quarrel, nor say bad words, and I don’t like a lady to call me names, and ask me if I’ve stolen her little girl’s clothes from her.”

“I’m very glad you are so good,” said the lady, laughing at the boy’s earnestness. “Here is a quarter of a dollar for you.”

“I don’t want that,” said Bob, holding his head very high. “My father works in a foundry and has lots of money. You’ve got a bigger boy than me, haven’t you?”

“Yes, why?”

“Does he know the Commandments?”

“I’m afraid not very well.”

“Can he say the sermon on the Mount, and the Twenty-third Psalm, and the Golden Rule?”

“I am very much afraid he cannot,” said the lady, laughing at the boy’s bravery.

“Does he not ride his pony on Sunday instead of going to church?”

I am afraid he does but he ought not,” said the lady, blushing a little.

“Mother don’t know I came here,” said the bright little rogue, “but I thought I would just come around and see what kind of folks you were, and I guess mother would rather your boy would not come around our doors, because she don’t want little Mamie to talk to bad boys in the street. Good evening!” and the boy was gone.—*Presbyterian.*

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.

During July, 1879, sixty-five loan libraries, fifteen new, and fifty refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,680 and 6,683, with Nos. 6,685, to 6,696, inclusive, at New York; and No. 5,168, at Boston.

The fifty libraries refitted and reshipped were:—

No. 1,445, No. 3,386,	No. 4,104,	No. 4,467,	No. 4,841,	No. 5,711,	No. 6,177,	No. 6,396,	No. 6,542.	
" 2,437,	" 3,415,	" 4,181,	" 4,563,	" 4,939,	" 5,824,	" 6,201,	" 6,403,	" 6,627.
" 2,730,	" 3,469,	" 4,232,	" 4,576,	" 5,180,	" 5,919,	" 6,230,	" 6,462,	
" 2,762,	" 3,583,	" 4,262,	" 4,636,	" 5,227,	" 6,104,	" 6,233,	" 6,463,	
" 2,894,	" 3,923,	" 4,383,	" 4,760,	" 5,318,	" 6,155,	" 6,249,	" 6,470,	
" 3,355,	" 4,015,	" 4,418,	" 4,779;	" 5,686,	" 6,158,	" 6,341,	" 6,526,	

Little Foxes.

"I wont—so there now!"

What a change came over Harry's bright little face as he said those ugly words! He scowled until his fair forehead was all in wrinkles, and his red lips had such a decided pout as was very disagreeable to look at.

Harry had been a little later than usual that morning, and was just hurrying into the school-house to put his atlas and satchel of books in his desk, before joining his companions in the playground, when one of them called to him that they were going to try quite a new kind of game, and he must make haste, or he would lose all the fun.

Now Harry had generally been allowed to choose the different plays, and often to be the leader; so it made him very angry to think the boys could enjoy themselves without him, and he answered his friend and classmate, Maurice, who had waited for him, in that surly manner.

"But do come, Harry," persisted the little boy; "Lewis says it's so funny, and you'll miss the sight if you sit there."

"I don't care!" cried Harry.

"I'm afraid the little foxes have got hold of you, Harry," said Maurice, coming a step nearer.

"Foxes!" exclaimed Harry, looking over his shoulder with a scared face.

"Yes; don't you remember what Mr. Mason told us last Sunday? O, I forgot—you wasn't there. Why didn't you come, Harry?"

"Because I put off learning my Sunday-school lesson until it was too late on Saturday, and didn't get up the next morning until breakfast was ready, so I had to stay at home," replied Harry, hanging his head and blushing.

"O my! there's another fox," cried Maurice. "Mr. Mason says if we track 'Put-off' to his hole, we'll find it 'Never.' He told us that these small faults and bad habits spoil our lives and characters, just as the Bible says the little foxes did the vines. But there are two sharp hunters, 'I Can' and 'I'll Try,' who will work wonders in undoing their mischief. I intend to belong to 'The Try Company,' Harry."

"And so will I too," cried Harry, who was now smiling as brightly as ever. So, taking hold of each other's hands as they ran, the two little boys were soon as merry as crickets.—*Child's World.*

To "My Sweet Lord."

The *Novoja Vremja* tells the following touching story about a most extraordinary letter which recently was delivered or about to be delivered into the St. Petersburg mail. An imperial officer, at the lower end of the ladder, died suddenly and left his wife and three children entirely unprovided for. After the lapse of a couple of months, all the furniture and clothes of the family had gone to the pawnbroker's shop, and nothing was left but cold, starvation and an unpaid rent bill. In this misery, the eldest child, a boy of six years, sat down and wrote, in secrecy, the following letter:—

MY SWEET LORD: Mother and my two little sisters have nothing to eat and are very hungry. Won't you please send me three kopeks that I may buy bread for them? and I shall pay back the money when I grow bigger.

Yours truly, * * *

With this letter, which was addressed to *God in the High Heavens*, the boy ran to the nearest station, but being unable to reach the box and slip down the letter, he asked a gentleman who stood beside him to help him. The gentleman, who happened to be the parson of the parish, caught sight of the address and opened the letter and read it. He then accompanied the boy home, provided for the immediate needs of the family, and next Sunday, having told the story in the church, he made a handsome collection of 1,500 rubles among the congregation, for the widow and her children.—*N. Y. Times*.

Will He Succeed?

In nine cases out of ten, a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stowed away all the time

—in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good-by, may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—*Young Folks' World*.

"Can't" and "Try."

"Can't do it" sticks in the mud, but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said, "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bee said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of Winter. The sun said, "Try," and Spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said, "Try," and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for "Try" to climb, no clay too stiff for "Try" to plow, no field too wet for "Try" to drain, no hole too big for "Try" to mend.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, President.
Rev. S. H. HALL D. D., Cor. Sec. & Treas.
L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.
80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretary:—
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he *at the same time* declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street	Amer. Sea. Friend Society	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts.	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	C. F. Bowman.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.	Charleston Port Society	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " "	
HONOLULU, S. I.	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rhode
4 Catharine Lane. (Colored).	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House.	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	N. Hamilton.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St.	Seamen's Aid Society	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street		Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.		

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison	New York Port Society	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.	Episcopal Miss. Society	Robert J. Walker.
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.	" " "	H. F. Roberts.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip	" " "	Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street	Baptist	J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets	Sea & Land, Presbyterian.	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street	Am. Sea. Friend Society	" E. O. Bates.
" Navy Yard	" " "	" T. D. Williams.
BUFFALO	" " "	" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street	Methodist	" S. H. Hayes.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts.	Boston Sea. Friend Society.	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
North Square	Boston Port Society	" H. A. Cooke.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts.	Baptist Bethel Society	" J. P. Pierce.
Parmenter Street	Episcopal	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St.	Prov. Sea. Friend Society	" C. H. Malcom, D. D.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf.	Individual Effort	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD	New Bedford Port Society	" William Major.
PHILADELPHIA, &c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian	" W. B. Erben.
Cor. Moyamensing and Washington Avenues	Methodist	" P. Frayne.
Catharine Street	Episcopal	" E. N. Harris.
Front Street, above Navy Yard	Baptist	" Chas. McElfresh.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" R. R. Murphy.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts.	Baltimore S. B.	" E. N. Crane.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets	American & Norfolk Sea. Friend Societies	" James W. Craig.
NORFOLK	Wilmington Port Society	" Wm. B. Yates.
WILMINGTON, N. C.	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y.	" Richard Webb.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St.	" " "	" L. H. Pease.
SAVANNAH	" " "	" J. Rowell.
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water	" " "	" R. S. Stubbs.
NEW ORLEANS	" " "	
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.	" " "	
PORTLAND, Oregon	" " "	

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1823—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

REV. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to April, 1879, is 6,502, containing 349,328 volumes. Calculating 6,144 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 254,295 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week d. y evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause and to Life-Members & Directors, upon an annual request for the same.